

# Lowkey Lyrics

## "Revolution"

(feat. Jon McClure, Faith SFX, Mic Righteous)

*[Lowkey:]*

Little man never did exams,  
Got a particular bigger plan flipping grams,  
When a bigger man in his gang gave him a stick to bang,  
Or maybe just hold 'cause no one thought he would kill a man,  
Till he got silly billy feelin & chilling in the jam,  
Sipping cham', spliff in his hand checking to the jam,  
Bang bang biddy bang biddy bang,  
Now he's in the camp thinking damn what a pity fam,  
Rappers are yapping and flapping their lips,  
Bout how they're packing and clapping their sticks,  
Has to be big,  
The impact it has on the kids, tells me where the factory is,  
The government kill, they're just stacking their chips,  
You wonder why the youths are strapped and their pissed,  
If not a nine, it's a knife getting jabbed in your ribs,  
People die for the petrol, the gas and the whip,  
In London, you can get shanked in the heart,  
Still the government put more tax in Iraq,  
Ignorant little spitters are talking greezy,  
Cause they bitten bits that the saw on TV,  
If all you rap about is the hoes and the doe,  
It's already too late, you sold 'em your soul,  
You jokers act like you know but you don't,  
'Cause there's little kids dying all over the globe,

*[Faith SFX:]*

They used to put my lights out and nights out  
And days in spent blazing  
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes  
But why now it's right out amazing to think  
Now let the revolutionaries sing  
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution  
Free your mind so we can prise constitution  
'Cause they're killing us all...

*[Mic Righteous:]*

Little man never did exams  
He be chillin with his fam in a flat  
Spliff in hand and spittin raps  
But there's more than one way to skin a cat  
Gotta make up for the things he didn't have  
Wanna be a dan  
Little mans gott bigger plans  
Wanna be bigger than jigga and killer cam  
Picture that while hes sittin back sippin out a guinness can  
Feelin trapped  
Done with the chitter chat!  
Little man dealing crack for a bit of cash

Put his shit on smash, buildin' stacks  
Livin isnt bad  
Untill a cat got in his flat  
And hit him with a bat  
And they found where he hid his stash  
Little man fouled it  
Get him back  
Now really mad  
Feelin militant put on his timberlands and headed to the flat  
Where the cats that had jacked him were chillin at  
Bowl full of gas in his gaff  
And lit a match  
Put it in a bad  
And away it goes BANG!  
But the cat's whole family was in the flat  
Now it's definitely defo prison for little man  
He could of been one in a million he could've had the whole world in his hands  
But shit hit the fan  
When the cat came back  
With his strap  
Pulled the trigger back  
Finished little man in a flash  
Its a FACT!  
That he's dead now....

*[Faith SFX:]*

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